

- › Field Nigga Boogie (XLR8R Remix)

[Paris]

Take it back to the days when we raised us up  
'Fore coward-a\*\* rap made the game corrupt  
    P-Dog in the cut back to bring the pain  
    Puttin wood on they a\*\* can't stand the rain  
And bring heat over beats, and scratch the itch  
    In a "No Spin Zone," f\*\*k a scanadalous b\*t\*h  
It's the return of the +Bush Killa+ back to bust  
    Just us for the justice, in God we trust  
    I rush truth to the youth, and shine the light  
    Take the red pill, open up your eyes to life  
In this land of these crack fiends sheep and moles  
    See us overthrow the hold of the devil control  
    And roll deep, keep it underground for the streets  
    I'm the last sayin, get 'em outta bounds, retreat  
    Like ants in this war dance, if one fall  
Ten more's in his place to advance the cause, it's all

[Reggae chat interlude]

[Various samples]

"This program includes dramatic re-enactments of scenes which depict real events  
And contains material which is intended for" (HIP-HOP)  
    "Welcome to the show!"  
    "Today, more drugs are coming into America than ever before" - Dan Rather  
    "We have the best intelligence in the world, we can stop anything we wanna stop"  
    "You still may know little about" - Dan Rather  
    "The C.I.A.'s involvement with drug lords"  
    "This was a, a multi-billion dollar business"  
    "Even more menacing" - D.R. "The C.I.A."  
"Have gone into the drug trade, and are trying to take over the government" - D.R  
    "In the war", "on drugs" - D.R  
    "Which side is the C.I.A. on?"  
    "We need a change! We need a change.." {\*2X\*}  
    "One of these motherf\*\*kers different"

Bringing you back what you miss in hip-hop  
Hard truth sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier radio  
Word! "Pay attention real close, we just begun"

[Immortal Technique]

Yeah! Immortal Technique, part of the rebel militia  
Weapon I brandish, don't need the canvas to paint a picture  
F\*\*k who you askin, I'll tell you what it is  
It ain't music motherf\*\*ker it's the way that we live  
Party crashin, leavin the door with a broke lock  
And make a toast to the cancer of Rupert Murdoch  
I got a hit, on the Grand Wizard and the cyclops  
And I'll be snipin, campus security bike cops  
F\*\*k around, and I'mma start blastin they kids  
Payback, for what they did to John Africa's crib  
These pigs talk a lot of sh\*t, sh\*t, wavin the badge  
Can put it down and go the f\*\*k home wrapped in a flag  
I have nothin but, empty shells for enemies  
Strike me down, that'll give birth to ten of me  
Forbidden chemistry, my verse is the dirty bomb  
Urban combat, next year n\*\*\*a it's on